

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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1120.

THE OLD YEW TREE.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a cottage of the neatest order of rural simplicity. The small garden, plentifully stocked with the various vegetables for common use, showed in the selectest seat of contented industry. A few paces distant from the cottage a cool, and precious to the view, an aged yew tree; it attracted my attention. Bare of its branches, and with its solitary straggly top reared high above the thicket, it seemed to bespeak itself the friend of some rustic's fate. There was a degree of rugged distinction in the mutilated relic that awakened my curiosity; and I sought to satisfy it; so stepping down the front glass of the chaise, I addressed some enquiries to the keeper.

"As please your honour," said the post boy, in the tone of genuine sensibility, "that is the cottage of old Christopher."

"And that old yew tree, my good fellow?"

"Ah! your honour," replied he, with a sympathetic shake of the head, "that is a sorry sight. I remember the last branch being lopped from it."

Now, there was nothing peculiar in a branch being lopped from a yew tree; yet there was something so interesting in the idea of the last branch being lopped from that particular tree, that I listened with serious attention to the post boy's tale.

Old Christopher, it seems, had been the father of eleven children, whose ruddy countenances beamed with contentment. There were as many as his age; and each part of his old branch had been appropriated off by him as the final man of each child's destiny. The ravens, indeed, Disease, at length writhed his diabolical form beneath the lowly roof; and thirteen younglings of the flock fell, the successive victims of his poisonous gripe. As each one fell, his last branch was lopped from off the aged yew tree.

Here was a blow that frail humanity staggered under. Thirteen beautiful branches, which had richly flourished in the full-stemmed of florid health, were from parent to dross at nearly a single stroke! Still calmer reflection, and confidence in Heaven's just decrees, compared his afflicted breast; and Labour, grand controller of man's murmurs and complaints, returned with smiling-faced Content, the tenant of his humble dwelling.

There yet remained one lovely, thriving branch; and that was portioned to Eliza's fate. In it flourished in its green foliage; and she and it together, at close of day, when the rough task of labour was over, would sit beneath the aged yew tree; smiling benignly at young Eliza and the single branch, in proud pride to Heaven for such dear solace to his afflicted days.

"I remember her," said the boy, "ever since I knowed this road. She was the prettiest girl you would see in a summer's day. The neatest, cleanest creature—she deserved to be the pride of her parent's heart—I never saw her equal, your honour."

"You speak with all the enthusiasm of a lover's boy," said I. "Every one who saw her must have loved her," he replied, "for her goodness to old Christopher. She was the very soul of his old age, as one may say. He never stirred without her help." "Such attention (said I) to an aged parent, was enough to make every one love her."

"The very birds seemed to love her," he continued; "and I always remarked there seemed more robins about old Christopher's cottage, whilst she lived there, than on all the rest of the village. I have thought robins hooting ever since, your honour—it was pity they called her away so soon, poor girl!"

"How long is it since she died?" I asked.

"Just three years and six months," he replied. "I shall never see such a burying again. We all went to see it, far and near—A score of little girls of the parish, dressed all in white, followed the coffin, and strewed it over with flowers when it was put in the grave! poor dear little souls! I shall never forget how they sobbed all the way; and not a dry eye was to be seen among the numbers that a tenfold."

"And what was the cause of her death?" rejoined I.

"Some said one thing; and some said another," answered he. "However, for my part, I verily believe that she died broken-hearted for love of a young gentleman, that used to call frequently at old Christopher's when he was out a sporting. I have often seen his dogs and horse standing at the door of the cottage as I have driven by. She was never known to look up after she heard he was going to be married to a lady of large estate in these parts. If you remember, your honour, you passed a fine one-house in the bottom? That was Mrs. ——— before she married young Mr. ———. He was her fifth husband; and younger than her youngest son, who was a captain in the army."

Here the post boy was running on with a long history of this lady; but I stopped him short by further enquiries respecting old Christopher and the yew tree.

Old Christopher, he informed me, immediately on the decease of his child (since which time he had been in a total state of mental imbecility) had ordered if the last remaining branch of the old yew tree, which, as a rugged staff, now served him to totter to and fro with. It was his support by day, and his constant companion by night. At his homely meal, he stationed it at the table where his child had been wont to sit, opposite to him; and when he retired to bed, he constantly placed it in the empty crib where she had been accustomed to rest beside him; very fondly stiring it "his dear, his dutiful Luiza"; for so he called his daughter in her lifetime; and for hours together he would often weep over it, as though it were the actual relic of his departed child. The old yew tree, which he said described himself, a mutilated trunk, and barren remnant of a once luxuriant stock, he requested might be felled at his own desire; that both himself and that, the record of his woes, might fall in one day.

"I sometimes (added he) call as I pass the cottage, and carry the old man somewhat to comfort him; for he was always most kind to any of us if we happened to call at his gate, in driving as a mug of beer, or so. At times, he remembers me still; and asks if I am come to enquire how his little ones and the old man are creating. I never like to see him at those times—it makes one's heart ache, your honour. It was but yesterday I carried him a London chesecake; and the poor man was strangely pleased with it. He is mainly full, your honour, for the smallest trifling."

"And thy actions, my good fellow," said I, "seem to be influenced by a benevolent, that is, not make even the smallest trifling valuable, from the motive which in produced the gift."

"Lord! your honour (or rejoined he) what was a mere chesecake?"

"A record of charity (added I) which in due season shall plead in thy favor before Him who regards actions according to their merits. But come (continued I) thou shalt carry old Christopher something better than a chesecake, as thou returnest to day—thou shalt carry him ———, and with it the genuine pity of a heart sympathetic from early sorrow."

At discharging the chaise, the boy undertook a small commission to old Christopher; and as he quitted me, he bade "Heaven bless me!" with a cordal tone of exclamation, that convinced me it was the spontaneous impulse of a feeling heart; and not extorted from any selfish gratification at the small addition I had made to his own gratuity.

The benediction cheered me throughout my journey. It will cheer me, said I, through life.

O ye! who possess the ample means to procure such benedictions, say not, ye want opportunity for your benefactions! The high road of life will ever furnish a thousand objects to the generous passenger, to draw him to the abodes of misfortune; nor will he want a guide to point out objects for his beneficence.

THE END.

A FRUDENT HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

Philip Thicknase, in one of his publications, tells the following anecdote with much pleasure; and very politely conveys a modest hint to the young ladies:

"When I was a young man, says he, I often visited a distant relation, whom I much loved, and to whom I and my family had been much obliged. This gentleman had nine agreeable, nay beautiful daughters, who had often entertained me with the slip shod conversation of a rich, but low undressed woman, their neighbour, whose husband being appointed high sheriff, occasioned her to talk much to those ladies about the grand Sherif Dinner she was to give. 'I am determined (said she) to have no custards; for if I have custards, I must have chesecakes; and if I have chesecakes, I must have jellies; if jellies, fruits, &c.'"

As I usually spent my christmases at the country seat of this friend, with his lovely family, there sometimes arose a kind of merriment call-

ed christmas gambols, questions and commands, &c. Now these innocent sports led the gentlemen sometimes to salute the young ladies all around, a pleasure in which I alone, who perhapoved them best, always declined partaking. This shyness in me seemed to be unaccountable to them, that they one and all seemed an occasion to rally me for possessing a *maurice bon*, so contrary to the etiquette at that time of the year. I confessed the force of the charge, and fully acknowledged my guilt; and said, that the only excuse I could offer was—that if I had custards, I must have cherries; if I had cakes, jellies; if I had, fruits; and if—In short, before I had half done with me *ifs*, they all ran away, and left me in the field of battle, and never rallied to make an attack on me again.

London paper.

VARIETY.

Captain Underwood of the East India company's service who was supposed not to be very fond of the war with Tippon, having obtained permission to take a trip to sea, for the benefit of his health, asked the captain of the vessel whether, in case of his being drowned, he would write an epitaph on him. The other said yes, and repeated extempore the following—

Here lies, escaped from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood, now underwater.

A player performing the ghost in Hamlet very badly, was hissed—after bearing it a good while he put the audience in good humour by stepping forward and saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please are unsuccessful, but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the ghost.'

An Irish preacher, decanting on the strength of Sampson, said that with the jaw bone of an ass he put a thousand Philistines to the sword.

The continual constraint in which the kings of France were educated so that every word was watched and reported, reduced Lewis XI. and XVI to a state of seeming inebriety in public exhibition. When the duke de Richieu had taken Maçon all the court poured from the palace of Marly into the gardens to see the king's reception of the victor, and to hear some flattering compliments from the royal mouth. Unhappily the king had not been prepared, and after much embarrassment, and universal silence, being at length obliged to address the duke, said, 'Do you know the porter of the castle is dead?' Richieu answered that he did not, and was perfectly confounded with this new compliment.

Fortenelle had a brother at Paris who was an abbe. Being asked what his brother did, he answered, 'In the morning he says mass—and in the evening he doesn't know what he says.'

The Six grand principles of Men's Happiness
A mild government—a pure religion—an upright administration of justice—a fervent spirit of religion paying all ranks—a general disposition of industry in all orders of men, but particularly among the lower and most indigent classes; together with a temperate enjoyment of social and domestic pleasures; these constitute the most perfect and most permanent means of happiness that man can enjoy, so long as he remains an inhabitant of the earth.

EPICRAM.

You will, and you want, half six, and half five,
I'm quite at a loss for your meaning, dear ma,
Long enough, in all conscience, you've shuffled and
shammed:
—Say yes, and be kissed—or say no, and be d—d,

Among the poems of White, the second Chatterton, we find the following, written when he was a mere boy. Few productions of a mature age have more merit. The interest which this little poem excites in every breast of sensibility is greatly heightened by the plaintive air which the *traveller* bard, president of his early doom, has given to his mournful thoughts.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

I.

Sweet scented flower, who art wont to bloom
On January's frosty eve,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy sweet perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my song now,
And I will lead thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

II.

Come funeral flower, who lovest to dwell
With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,
And thou art out the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me,
Beneath the lowly altar tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a Cure shall dare intrude,
To break the marble sole, and
So peaceful and so deep.

III.

And hark! the wind goes, as he flies
Moans follow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lowly shrine.
The cold turf alter of the dead,
My grave shall be in yon lone spot
Where, as I lie, by all is got.
A dying sigh and thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffin of the dead.

From the Washingtonian.

TO ———, Esq.

Behold, my friend! how deep the snow
Hangs on America's lofty brow,
And, by unseen means driven,
In ridges to the plain descends,
Far o'er the adjacent hills extends,
And hides the face of Heaven!

The forests scarce the weight sustain,
The river spreads an icy plain,
And oaks bleed with great power;
Pile high the cheerful blazing hearth,
And, at the social board, let mirth
Beguile the gloomy hour.

All else submit to His control,
Who girds the seasons, as they roll,
To each assigns its measure,
Sweeps clouds and tempests from the skies,
And bids more genial suns arise,
Diffusing life and pleasure.

While Age promotes, and Jove's HEATH
Defer pursuit of vain delights,
And dreams of vain ambition;
To LOVE and FRIENDSHIP fill the glass,
And as the festive moments pass,
Enjoy life's fleeting vision.

Lo! Evening comes—shey the call—
And hasten to the 'ulmin'd hall—
Here, 'mid the Loves and Graces,
To music's cheerful notes advance,
Lead Beauty lightly down the dance,
And wind the playful maze.

EARTHQUAKES.

NATURALISTS are divided as to the cause of earthquakes: some ascribe them to Water, others to Fire, and others to Air; and all of them with some reason. But the theory of earthquakes has now days, a considerable alterations and improvements from modern philosophical discoveries; and it is now generally considered, that the sudden extensive agitation, both of land and water, occasioned by *Earthquakes* can only be effected by that property which is called *Electricity*. Nothing more is necessary to produce an earthquake, than the approach of a non-electric cloud to any part of the earth when a higher electrified cloud discharges its contents upon it. The shock produced between the cloud and many miles in compass of solid earth, must be an Earthquake; but the snap from the contrast be the noise attending it.

ESSAYS ON MEN AND MANNERS.

Young men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes arises their impudence, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person of his quality, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say, he looks as though he might be generally a promoter of sin upon his sleeve.

It is generally a promise of insolence that makes one acquainted with an awful character.—When I am conversing with a standing committee, in our own defence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk, nor, in short, laugh, nor cry, nor talk, nor like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction!

There are very few persons who do not lose something of their esteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The only excuse that is often drawn from use of times to correspond, is, because no one beside a color with ten or a dozen children dependent on a taxing end.

A CONCISE DESCRIPTION

OF BABYLON.

The word *Babylon* signifies confusion, or mixture. It was the capital of Chaldaea. A famous city, built four square, sixty miles in circumference, fifteen on each side. The walls were 87 feet thick, and 350 high; on which were 1236 towers, or sentinels to others, 250, three between each gate and 7 each corner. There were 100 gates, 25 on each side, all of solid brass. From these ran 25 streets, crossing one another at right angles, each 120 miles wide, and 15 miles in length. A row of houses lined the wall on every side, with a street of 20 feet wide between them and it. Thus the whole city was divided into 676 squares, each of which was 4000 feet long and a half on every side. All around these squares stood the houses fronting the streets, and the empty space within served as gardens and other useful uses.

The prophet calls it *Babylon*, the golden city, *Isaiah* 14. 4. The glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency. *Isaiah* 13. 19.

Rome is called *Babylon*, on account of its magnificence of it in magnificence, pride, idleness, and wickedness, and in its appointment to our destruction.

A PROUD PRICE.

A certain person in Hartford, Connecticut, who deals in 'Books', 'Lump sugar and confectionery', and other kinds of 'hardware', advertised, in his last article, a volume of sermons 'at the price paid for 2s. 3d. each a by This is something new in the book selling line!

A fellow a few days ago went into a pawnshop, and offered to pawn his wife on the theory of 'conscience' with him on the 15th and promised the transaction. He observed that it was his intention to be his duplicate at home!

London Paper.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FROM THE RHODE-ISLAND REPUBLICAN.
TO CHARITY:

HAIL, CHARITY! thou child of love,
Celestial honours from above,
And praises from the earth,
Commingle, shall thy steps attend,
And in one robe of heavenly bloom,
To deck and own thy worth.

Ten thousand throng around thy court,
Misfortune's subjects, and the sport
Of penury and want,
Bow at thy shrine, relate their grief,
Then humbly ask a kind relief,
Which thou dost kindly grant.

My fancy wing'd towards thy door,
And saw the halt, the blind, the poor,
And heard their frequent sighs,
No friend, alas! but thee, to save
Themselves and children from the grave—
None else to bid them 'rise!'

I heard the limping soldier crave
Supplies of thee. He once was brave
To fight his country's foes;
But now born down by loads of care,
He seeks to find admittance where
Thy bounteous hands unfold.

Thou bid'st him on thy pillow rest—
To calm the sorrows of his breast;
And dream no more of pain;
Safely within thy favour'd dome,
To make a peaceful, quiet home,
And feel thy fostering reign.

Austen's music not so sweet,
Nor yet MARIANA, more discreet;
But thy voice's brightest ray!
Where'er thy tender smiles appear,
Or voice is heard—or hand is near,
Woe can no longer stay.

I've seen thy form—I've heard thy voice,
Thine accents made my heart rejoice;
I've dwelt near thine shade.
I've seen the widow weep for joy,
And not'd in the orphan boy
What to thy name he owe'd.

Hail, Charity! thou child of Love!
Celestial honours from above,
And praises from the earth,
Commingle, shall thy steps attend,
And in one robe of heavenly bloom,
To deck and own thy worth.

EPIGRAM.

Painters, at a certain subject stick,
They know not how to form old Dick—
With clover feet they often draw him,
And Sometimes horn him, tail him, claw him.
Pshaw! nonsense all! It's not unwell,
Draw *Della* frowning—*that's the Devil*.

EPIGRAM—FROM A LONDON PAPER

On a ryming Tallow Chandler, remarkable for not
displaying any scientific preparation in his mire
Just like the Candles on his shelves,
His too dull lines the Chandler mixes—
The first exceeds his longest twelve,
The latter course exceeds his sixes

Oaths. Mankind must have been convinced that they
were naturally dishonest when they invented oaths as
the test of truth: they do not bind rogues, and good
men have no sort of occasion for them.

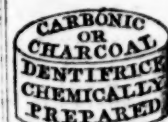
FROM THE IRISH.

O who is the harper so blind and so bold,
That touches the strings to so plaintive a song?
Old Cormac O'Killy the harper is cold,
And he sings of O'Hagan, the son of the strong.

O'Hagan that bore on his shoulder so broad,
The oak that three centuries in vain cease to raise,
Now rests from his toil in his narrow shroud,
And the harp of O'Killy is laid in his praise.

With the eye of the hawk, and with cheeks of the
With dark locks that shaded a forehead of snow
In his strength, in his beauty he sprung from repose,
And at eve, in the grave of his fathers was lost.

Then hoast not, O youth! of your health's rapid
Exult not in might, or in valor, ye brave!
For beauty, alas, cannot save from the tomb
Nor valor can combat the strength of the grave.



JUST RECEIVED

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also, vulgus beam and
refined steel of a fine qual-
ity; gentlemen's portable
shaving cases, and ladies
and gentlemen's prepared
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at Smith Chemical Perfumery from London. Also
Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty
Street

Also the following articles as usual with many
other too numerous to mention. Rose oil Anti-
curing glassing thickening and preserving the hair
and preventing its turning—chemical cosmetic wash
bottle's his fine cosmetic cold cream cleans and pre-
vents the skin from chapping, color of roses for smel-
ling. Smith's improved chemical milk of roses
Smith's pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet
soap. Smith's tooth paste warranted his superlative
white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d. Smith's royal
paste for washing the skin Smith's highly improved
hard and soft pomatum. Smith's balsamic lip salve
Rosea Smith's lotion for the teeth his profit of a pine
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straps shaving boxes. Penknives scissors toothbrush
silver and horn combs smelling bottles &c. Gels
silkeness to those who buy to sell again. Tooth
Powder and opiate black pine tooth and cloth brushes
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l'ave water shaving powder—court plaster &c &c
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SALES AT AUCTION.

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House and Lot of Ground No 5 Grand street known
by Lot Number — on a map of the property of the
late Mr. Cannon, in the 7th ward. The House is 2
stories high and brick front. For Particulars, see
the notice of P. G. Hendrick, Esq. Master in Chancery,
published in the Columbian.

At Private Sale.

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immediate family use.

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HUTCHINSON'S improved and WOOD'S
acks for 1841, by the gross, dozen or single one.

CISTERN

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April 14 1840.

HEEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,
Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Close,
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Just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's
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